

*Wm Clive Phillipps-Wolley
Compliments*

THE SEA QUEEN WAKES.

"The flying squadron, which together with the existing available squadrons with which it is proposed to join it will form the most powerful fleet of war vessels ever put afloat."—*Excerpt from the COLONIST January 11th, 1896.*

She wakes ! in the furthest West the murmur has reached our ears.
She wakes ! in the furthest East the Russian listens and fears—
She wakes ! the ravens clamour, the winds cry overhead ;
The wandering waves take up the cry "She wakes whom Nations dread !"

At last, ye have roused the Sea Queen ; at last, when the World unites
She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to Her last of fights.
Alone, with a Wor'd against Her, She has turned on the snarling crew,
No longer the Peaceful Trader, but the Viking North Seas knew.

She calls and Her ships of battle—dragons Her seas have bred—
Glide into Plymouth harbor, and gather round Beachy Head.
She wakes ! and the clang of arming echoes through all the Earth,
The ring of warriors' weapons ; stern music of soldiers' mirth.

In the world there be many nations and there gathers round every Throne
The strength of *earth born* armies, but the sea is England's own.
As She ruled, She still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimalt,
As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon : Seas may purple with blood and flame
As we go to our rest forever, leaving the world a name.
What matter ? There have been none like us, nor any to tame our pride ;
If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our Fathers died—
What better ? The seas that bred us, shall rock us to rest at last,
If we sink with the Jack still floating nailed to the Nation's mast.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.